

The Omen

51.4

(submit)

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Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Ida: With precise aim

Finn: Always for free

Sarah-Marie: Swift and without regret

Front Cover: Ida Kao

Back Cover: Ida Kao

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office or Ida's mailbox (1240)

Policy

The Omen is a bimonthly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straight-forward policy: **we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous.** Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fanfiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

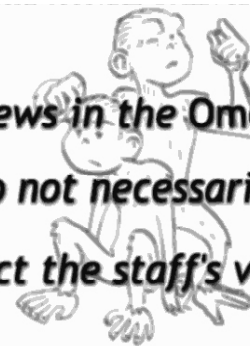
Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. **Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of The Omen, the Omen editrix, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.**

Anyone can submit to the Omen, but you can also become Omen staff! Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for meetings, which usually takes place every Thursday night in the basement of Merrill B (past the laundry room); the only permanent position is that of editrix. You should come and answer the staff question. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on every other Thursday in Saga, the post office, online at <http://expelallo.men>, and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



EDITORIAL

Ida Kao

[illegible]

SECTION SPEAK

TRIGGER WARNING

Hello!

I'd like to submit this piece of poetry, with a **trigger warning** (disordered eating, suicidal ideation) and the note that it was written a while ago and I'm not in this mental state as of now.

-Alexander Broekman

When I was eight years old
I weighed forty-two pounds.
I remember how my ribs looked.
I remember everyone in the family commenting.
I was the small one. Short, young, skinny.
I remember my parents, talking to my doctor,
getting a prescription for milkshakes.

I remember spending the next eight years
training myself to eat to gain weight.
Fighting sensory processing issues I didn't understand
Fighting executive dysfunction, depression, plain laziness.
It was never a body image thing; I just didn't like to eat
But I knew my body needed fuel, so I did anyway.

Then I went to an endocrinologist.
I wanted testosterone.
But my family has always been big people.
There's a powerful history of diabetes
and heart disease.
I weighed one hundred and eighty pounds.
And for the first time in my life

A doctor told me to lose weight.

I starved myself for a week and lost ten pounds.
Then I went back to my maintenance diet,
deleted the calorie counting app,
never told anyone I'd had it in the first place.
Six months later I went back to the endocrinologist
still at one seventy.
He said "Great! try to lose another ten."

I don't know how I feel about my body.
I'm too big.
too tall
too hairy
too long
too present
too weak
too physical
too alive.

I don't have any problems with body image
(i like to say)
I just hate this thing I live in because
(it's ugly)
it HURTS ME
because it doesn't work
(and it isn't even cute)
i can't run. I can't sit still. I can't sleep. I can't breathe
right -
sometimes i just shake and i dont know why - my chest hurts.
I don't know how to say this to a doctor.
I don't know how to say this to my mother.
But I wish I could live without being shackled to these legs
And failing that I wish I could die.

Disclaimer: I'm just going to keep sending in bad writing from my freshman year lol. (see attached)

Random notes that I have on my phone:

WHEN I TURN 20 I WILL BE THE SAME AGE AS QUASIMODO, A YEAR OF POSSIBILITY.

Nothing is more permanent than a temporary solution.

Classic toons for vinyl only!

When someone hears the term “portion control”, the first thing that usually comes to mind is the concept of not overeating. With portion control, you learn to monitor yourself, to learn to just take a little bit of everything so as not to overload yourself. Know your limits. The same can be said for media, data, and overall technology, don't bite off more than you can chew. Frankly, I'm tired of the “technology is melting our brains” argument; yes, technology can and is constantly present, whether one chooses to take part in it or not, and the ever-present feed of information can sometimes feel like too much to withstand. There are just too many things to look at and process, how could anyone ever make sense of all of the endless piles of information? Get over yourself, people used to wish for a shred of information that is now at our fingertips, and here we are complaining about how we have too many resources, and too many options. This data storing/media sorting era didn't just sneak upon us, the change was steady and gradual, just how we know that the future could look much different than what our present looks like today. We are fully aware of the changes going on around us, even if one chooses not to acknowledge it, with that being said we can learn to monitor ourselves. You feel your brain shutting down? Go for a walk. You can no longer get through reading a whole book? Start small, then build back up to your original reading level. The only problem I can detect is that of our lack of filtering/organizing our abundance of information, once we get better at that then the information won't feel like such a burden. The only problem with technology, media, and data is not the platforms themselves, it's the way we handle them.

she's a Queen
with a little bit of savage

r.h. Sin

Sunkissed

Finian Carver Scott

The first time I ever experienced a sunburn, I was 12.

Endlessly stubborn, and full to the brim with a determination to rebel against any authority. When authority figures told me to wear sunscreen to the beach, on a day when the temperature reached well above 100, I said no. And I suffered the fate I laid out for myself.

I borrowed my friend's shirt to sleep that night. She packed tank tops for the vacation, but I didn't.

The thin straps made it easier for me to reapply aloe, without much sticking or burning.

I sat on her bed, red, angry at the world, and wearing her shirt. She laughed at my misfortune. She was smarter; she wore sunscreen that day. Her dark hair was perpetually sun-bleached, and she had tan lines over her shoulders from her swimsuit that created the pale outline of a bow resting high on the back of her neck. She spent as much time as she could on the beach. I wasn't as fond of the hot sand, and the heavy salt smell as she was.

By the time I realized what time it was, it was too late to return to my usual room. I asked if I could stay in her room tonight. And she said yes.

She asked me if I knew what gay meant.

I said yes.

I wasn't a whole lie. Just a small one.

She laughed.

I'm not a good liar.

Her hand came to my shoulder and the pain shot across my skin. I didn't move away.

I didn't know how to kiss. I was 12. She was 13. It was clumsy.

I had kissed boys before.

This was different.

It was awkward.

It was klutzy.

But it was better than anything I'd ever experienced before.

My heart slammed against my ribs like they were prison bars. And the heat on my shoulders filled my whole body. I fell in love.

And the next morning came, and no mention of the night before.

The next week came. No mention.

The next months came. The next months went.

I got into new relationships. I ended those new relationships.

I'm 20 now. And still, no mention of that night.

Submitted by Finn Scott

Everything in the universe either is or is not a potato.

But what if the potato is within a painting?

Then it's a painting, not a potato.

But what if, in theory, you could travel into the constraints of the painting?

Then you've entered a second universe.

But what if the painting was a window into another part of our universe.

Then it's a window, not a painting.

But what if it's both.

It can't be both.

We didn't even talk about what would happen if a potato and something else had a child?

I hate you.

“I find the obsession with long
dead racist white men to be
fundamentally disturbing.”

- Finn Scott

listening to You'll Be Back from Hamilton
And no, don't change the subject
'Cause you're my favorite subject
My sweet, submissive subject
Finn Scott: I'm calling the police.



Famous Last Words

Submitted by Ida Kao

“The nourishment is palatable”

- Millard Filmore

“[In 2016] we had a clown problem!”
-Sarah-Marie Taylor

“I’m jealous, I never saw a clown in real life!”
- Finn Scott

*To Sarah-Marie, at the Enfield fire
pit during Hampshire Halloween*
“I have three cookies in my pocket!”
- Ida Kao

“I’m so sick of seeing skinny white girls pretend
they know how to dance... It’s always some
skinny malnourished white girls with extensions
who doesn’t even move her feet and people will
comment that “she murdered it.” It’s always just
some hand shit.”

- Finn Scott (who is white)

“I love all these different fonts.”
- Sarah-Marie Taylor

SECTION LIES

Literal Lies

Submitted by Finn Scott

Telling your mother that her meatloaf is delicious when you really hate the meatloaf.

"I did do the homework, I just forgot to submit it on the moodle."

"Sarah-Marie started World War 99."

"Benjamin Franklin invented the wheel."

Section Hate

As Not Seen on TV

Restaurant Review: Guy's American Kitchen & Bar in Times Square

GUY'S AMERICAN KITCHEN & BAR

Poor | American | \$\$\$

220 West 44th Street, Times Square Theatre District 646-532-4897

By **PETE WELLS** // *Submitted by Ida Kao*

NOV. 13, 2012

GUY FIERI, have you eaten at your new restaurant in Times Square? Have you pulled up one of the 500 seats at Guy's American Kitchen & Bar and ordered a meal? Did you eat the food? Did it live up to your expectations?

Did panic grip your soul as you stared into the whirling hypno wheel of the menu, where adjectives and nouns spin in a crazy vortex? When you saw the burger described as "Guy's Pat LaFrieda custom blend, all-natural Creekstone Farm Black Angus beef patty, LTOP (lettuce, tomato, onion + pickle), SMC (super-melty-cheese) and a slathering of Donkey Sauce on garlic-buttered brioche," did your mind touch the void for a minute?

Did you notice that the menu was an unreliable predictor of what actually came to the table? Were the "bourbon butter crunch chips" missing from your Almond Joy cocktail, too? Was your deep-fried "boulder" of ice cream the size of a standard scoop?

What exactly about a small salad with four or five miniature croutons makes Guy's Famous Big Bite Caesar (a) big (b) famous or (c) Guy's, in any meaningful sense?

Were you struck by how very far from awesome the Awesome Pretzel Chicken Tenders are? If you hadn't come up with the recipe yourself, would you ever guess that the shiny tissue of breading that exudes grease onto the plate contains either pretzels or smoked almonds? Did you discern any buttermilk or brine in the white meat, or did you think it tasted like chewy air?

Why is one of the few things on your menu that can be eaten without fear or regret — a lunch-only sandwich of chopped soy-glazed pork with coleslaw and cucumbers — called a Roasted Pork Bahn Mi, when it resembles that item about as much as you resemble Emily Dickinson?

When you have a second, Mr. Fieri, would you see what happened to the black bean and roasted squash soup we ordered?

Hey, did you try that blue drink, the one that glows like nuclear waste? The watermelon margarita? Any idea why it tastes like some combination of radiator fluid and formaldehyde?

At your five Johnny Garlic's restaurants in California, if servers arrive with main courses and find that the appetizers haven't been cleared yet, do they try to find space for the new plates next to the dirty ones? Or does that just happen in Times Square, where people are used to crowding?

If a customer shows up with a reservation at one of your two Tex Wasabi's outlets, and the rest of the party has already been seated, does the host say, "Why don't you have a look around and see if you can find them?" and point in the general direction of about 200 seats?

What is going on at this new restaurant of yours, really?

Has anyone ever told you that your high-wattage passion for no-collar American food makes you television's answer to Calvin Trillin, if Mr. Trillin bleached his hair, drove a Camaro and drank Boozy Creamsicles? When you cruise around the country for your show "Diners, Drive-Ins and Dives," rasping out slangy odes to the unfancy places where Americans like to get down and greasy, do you really mean it?

Or is it all an act? Is that why the kind of cooking you celebrate on television is treated with so little respect at Guy's American Kitchen & Bar?

How, for example, did Rhode Island's supremely unhealthy and awesomely good fried calamari — dressed with garlic butter and pickled hot peppers — end up in your restaurant as a plate of pale, unsalted squid rings next to a dish of sweet mayonnaise with a distant rumor of spice?

How did Louisiana's blackened, Cajun-spiced treatment turn into the ghostly nubs of unblackened, unsiced white meat in your Cajun Chicken Alfredo?

How did nachos, one of the hardest dishes in the American canon to mess up, turn out so deeply unlovable? Why augment tortilla chips with fried lasagna noodles that taste like nothing except oil? Why not bury those chips under a properly hot and filling layer of melted cheese and jalapeños instead of dribbling them with thin needles of pepperoni and cold gray clots of ground turkey?

By the way, would you let our server know that when we asked for chai, he brought us a cup of hot water?

When you hung that sign by the entrance that says, WELCOME TO FLAVOR TOWN!, were you just messing with our heads?

Does this make it sound as if everything at Guy's American Kitchen & Bar is inedible? I didn't say that, did I?

Tell me, though, why does your kitchen sabotage even its more appealing main courses with ruinous sides and sauces? Why stifle a pretty good bison meatloaf in a sugary brown glaze with no undertow

of acid or spice? Why send a serviceable herb-stuffed rotisserie chicken to the table in the company of your insipid Rice-a-Roni variant?

Why undermine a big fist of slow-roasted pork shank, which might fly in many downtown restaurants if the General Tso's-style sauce were a notch less sweet, with randomly shaped scraps of carrot that combine a tough, nearly raw crunch with the deadened, overcooked taste of school cafeteria vegetables?

Is this how you roll in Flavor Town?

Somewhere within the yawning, three-level interior of Guy's American Kitchen & Bar, is there a long refrigerated tunnel that servers have to pass through to make sure that the French fries, already limp and oil-sogged, are also served cold?

What accounts for the vast difference between the Donkey Sauce recipe you've published and the Donkey Sauce in your restaurant? Why has the hearty, rustic appeal of roasted-garlic mayonnaise been replaced by something that tastes like Miracle Whip with minced raw garlic?

And when we hear the words Donkey Sauce, which part of the donkey are we supposed to think about?

Is the entire restaurant a very expensive piece of conceptual art? Is the shapeless, structureless baked alaska that droops and slumps and collapses while you eat it, or don't eat it, supposed to be a representation in sugar and eggs of the experience of going insane?

Why did the toasted marshmallow taste like fish?

Did you finish that blue drink?

Oh, and we never got our Vegas fries; would you mind telling the kitchen that we don't need them?

Thanks.

Guy's American Kitchen & Bar | Poor

220 West 44th Street
(Seventh Avenue)
Times Square Theatre District

646-532-4897
guysamerican.com

Atmosphere 500 seats, three levels, three bars, one chaotic mess. Sound Rawk and roll, but at moderate volumes.

Menu singlepage.com/guys-american-kitchen--bar

Recommended Dishes Roasted Pork Bahn Mi, General Tso's Crispy Pork Shank, Cedar Plank Salmon with Jalapeño Apricot Jam.

Drinks and Wine Margaritas, while too sweet and strong, are the best cocktails. Draft beers are better than the largely dull wines.

Price \$\$\$ (expensive)

Open Sunday to Wednesday, 11:30 a.m. to midnight; Thursday to Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Reservations Accepted

Wheelchair Access The bar area and an accessible restroom are on street level.

What the Stars Mean Ratings range from zero to four stars. Zero is poor, fair or satisfactory. One star, good. Two stars, very good. Three stars, excellent. Four stars, extraordinary.

This information was last updated: Nov. 13, 2019

Follow Pete Wells on Twitter: @pete_wells

E-mail: petewells@nytimes.com

A version of this review appears in print on November 14, 2012, on Page D4 of the New York edition with the headline: As Not Seen On TV.

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(Except for the previous sentence, obviously. And the one before this one. And the one before this one, as well as this one. Ha! You thought these sentences would repeat themselves forever, didn't you?)